

THE REPOSITORY, AND Ladies' Weekly Museum.

BY SOLOMON SLENDER, ESQ.

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The Novelist.

MAHMUT,

OR THE FOLLY OF DISCONTENT.

An Oriental Tale.

MAHMUT, the son of Isgar, shaking off the downy fetters of sleep, arose from his homely couch with the first dawning of the morning star. The sable veil of darkness still wrapt in obscurity the face of nature, save that on the shapeless tops of some of the highest mountains, there faintly gleamed approaching day—when loading his beast with the fruits of the earth, the rewards of labour, and prostrating himself before Alla, Mahmut journeyed towards the city, to dispose of his little merchandise.

The glorious parent of light had just awakened the choristers of the groves, and, with his cheering beams, painted the pearly dew-drops that hung glittering on the flowers of the valley with a thousand dyes, when Mahmut

arrived before the walls of Schiraz. As the gates of the city were not yet opened, the son of Isgar sat down beneath a towering pine, and taking his humble provision from a wallet that hung on the back of his mule, began a repast, which the sons of luxury might well envy; it was the repast of health excited by labour.

Whilst he was thus employed, a cloud of dust approached him, and Mahmut discovered in the midst of it a vast herd of Camels, heavily laden with the riches of the mines of Golconda. A numerous body of guards and slaves attended them, and Mahmut knew they belonged to the merchant Abossan, surnamed the Rich, whose sumptuous palaces, glittering with all the splendor of eastern magnificence, adorned the spacious streets of Schiraz, and declared the immense wealth of the owner. The name of Abossan the Rich, was spread through the remotest nations of the earth; his vessels traded to the most distant cities, while the innumerable caravans, which daily arrived from Egypt, and from India, from Bagdad, Balsora, & Cairo, filled his warehouses with the manufactures, the produce and treasures of every country.

The son of Isgar viewed the procession, which had now rested before the gates, with surprise; his admiration was excited at the multitude of beasts, and the vast riches, beneath the

weight of which they groaned; and as he turned towards his mule, and compared the humble stores with which she was laden, with the valuable merchandise of Abossan, his young breast was first empoisoned by the venomous fangs of envy; he repined at his lot, and exclaimed, 'O! holy prophet, why hast thou shed all thy blessings on the favoured head of Abossan? What has he done more than the neglected son of Isgar, to deserve thy peculiar protection? Whilst Mahmut is toiling at the plough, or labouring amongst the cedars of the forest, the happy Abossan is revelling in all the luxury of plenty, surrounded with the blooming beauties of Circassia, or reposing himself on the soft bosom of his favourite fair. Happy! Happy! Abossan!'

As he uttered these words the gates of Schiraz were opened, and the retinue of the merchant entered. Mahmut arose from his seat, and, as he was preparing to follow the caravan into the city, was accosted by a man of the most venerable aspect; the marks of time and hoary age were seen on his countenance, which beamed with the mild light of beneficence; his snowy beard descended below his girdle, and gave dignity to his appearance. In one hand he held the Alcoran, the other grasp'd a staff, on which he seemed to repose his aged limbs. When he spoke the voice of truth proceeded from his lips, and the son of Isgar was impres-

sed with a reverential awe, when the aged stranger thus addressed him :

" Ungrateful Mahmut ! thou hast dared to arraign the wisdom of the holy prophet, and to call in question the proceedings of the Most High ; but does it belong to thee to murmur at the dispensations of Providence ?— Know, Oh Mahmut ! that the words thou hast uttered are heard at the throne of mercy, and in mercy hath the Prophet directed me to shew thee the folly of thy complaints. Thou thinkest the merchant Abossan is possessed of happiness, because he possesses riches ; such is the judgment of youth ; such its error. But age and experience, where reason is coolly suffered to hold her sway, reflect a far different image of happiness, from that produced by the heated ideas of youthful imagination. Youth considers happiness to subsist in the habitations of wealth and pleasure ; experience and reason teach us, that she flees from them, to the lonely cottage of content, and is but rarely found within the walls of the palace, and that Abossan, whom thou enviest for his possessions, is far—very far indeed, from being happy. Behold in me, O son of Isgar ! the Genius of Truth. My name is Omrah, and I am permitted by Alla to enlighten thine understanding. Know that by my immortal nature, I have power to penetrate the thoughts of man, though hidden in the deepest recesses of the heart : this gift I am allowed to bestow on thee. Follow me into the city ; we will there enter into the house of Abossan, and, as the ring I wear, on which is engraven the great name of Solomon, will render us invisible, we can, unobserved, contemplate the envied happiness of Abossan."

[To be concluded next week.]

For the Repository.

THE MELANGE.

The Professor of all languages, all arts, and all sciences, we understand is preparing a baloon, to be entitled, " The Unintelligible Intelligencer, or Hour's Confusion," to ascend weekly, beyond human comprehension.

The annexed paragraph, from an English paper, may perhaps, rub up the recollection of the Censor : as this gentleman left England about the same time, he may probably be able to throw some light upon the subject :

London, July 26, 1804.

FERDINAND COUNT FATHOM, Jun.

This wonderful character, who is cousin-german to Baron Munchausen, and not less distinguished than his famous predecessor, for *learning, virtue, honour, and honesty*, departed some time since from his native country, on a secret expedition. It is suspected that he will direct his course *westerly*, as, from certain hints dropped by some of his friends, 'tis most probable that America will be the *Theatre* on which this wonderful character means to exercise his *unaccountable* talents. We understand he had a very flattering invitation from his old friend Barrington. But, with that discernment which characterizes all his actions, after politely thanking his *veteran friend*, declared that the area was too contracted to admit of the extensive operations of two such competitors for glory—that he intended to move in a higher sphere, to which he had been beckoned by the *exemplary finger* of his friend, who now enjoys a place in the **Kingdom of Letters*. Towards the conclu-

* *Kingdom of Letters*.—Vide Port Folio, a literary paper published in Philadelphia.

sion of his letter, he complains of some of his associates, who are contented with a small *field* for the exercise of their powers—Is extremely sorry that his friend's operations are confined to an *island* ; but for himself he declares, a *continent* of action should not bound his genius.

We expect in a short time to be able to favour our readers with a detailed account of the exploits of this hero, on his opening the campaign in America—his numerous adventures in England, France and Italy, will be given at intervals for the amusement of our readers.

A *respectable* British critick, speaking of the general outcry in the literary world against the prevalence of the German drama, observes :—" If the German plays did not possess uncommon merit, they would not meet with such general approbation. Fashion has but a partial influence, but they have drawn tears from an audience in a barn as well as in a theatre royal ; they have been welcomed with plaudits in every little market town in the three kingdoms, as well as in the metropolis. Nature speaks but one language ; she is alike intelligible to the peasant, and the man of letters ; the tradesman and the man of fashion. While the Muse of Germany shall continue to produce such plays as the *Stranger*, & *Lover's Vows*, who will not rejoice that translation is able to naturalize her efforts in our language."

Madame de Tolmond said to Voltaire " I think, sir, that a philosopher should never write but to endeavour to render mankind less wicked & unhappy than they are. Now you go quite the contrary. You are always writing against that Religion, which alone is able to restrain wickedness, and to afford us consolation under misfortunes." Voltaire was much struck, and excused himself by saying, that he wrote only for those who were of the same opinion with himself.

Trouchin assured his friends, that Voltaire died in great agonies of mind. " *I die, forsaken by God, and man,*" said he, in those awful moments when

truth will force its way. I wish, added Troughin, that those who had been perverted by his writings, had been present at his death. It was a sight too horrid to support.

SPEDLIN CASTLE.

A BALLAD.

By James Boaden, Esq.

Heard ye the shriek from yonder hill?

Heard ye the hollow roar?

Ah! never shall that shriek be still,
Within the "Massy Moor."

Sir Porteous was a daring knight;
Jardine a baron bold;

Sir Porteous became his thrall in fight,
And was flung in prison-hold.

His ransom in gold was sent by sea,
And the day approached fast,
Which should set our knight at liberty—
But that day it prov'd his last.

The knight awoke; the timely cock
Told how the morning wore,
No baron turn'd the massy lock,
Which secur'd his prison door.

He listened till the waning light
Scarce shew'd the dungeon wall,
He listened through an age of night—
No foot was heard to fall.

Unworthy chief, sir Porteous cried,
Are these thy fierce alarms?
And are the brave by hunger tried,
Whom thou hast prov'd in arms?

Or has some dire mischance assail'd
The knight who holds me here?
'Tis so... he would not else have fail'd
To bring my prison-cheer.

Loudly he call'd...the warder ran
Lamenting to the door;
Alas! alas, thou wretched man,
Thou art dead in massy moor.

Sir Jardine to the south is gone,
He thinks no whit of thee
Nor reck's, alas! that he alone
Still kept thy prison key.

And here be thy brothers come over the sea
With jewels and gold in store;

* The dungeon of the castle.

How fondly they trusted to ransom thee!
But they never shall see thee more.

He said... 'Twas all the knight could hear;
He sank upon the ground;
His eye, unmoistened by a tear,
Glar'd sightlessly around.

His arms are fallen upon his knees,
His head upon his breast;
His sense benumbing horrors freeze,
To slumber...not to rest.—

As when, to tend her only child,
Some mother, scarce awake,
Turns to the babe with action mild,
But sees a deadly snake:

So started Jardine, when the key
Appear'd below his cloak;
Upon his horse again sprang he,
And not a word he spoke.

And he has gallop'd night and day
As Pity were his steed,
Till he has measur'd back his way;
The knight was past that need.

From the dark dungeon he is borne,
His mouth is stain'd with blood;
And from his arm the flesh is torne—
An ineffectual foe!

Since when, each night, on yonder hill,
Resounds that hollow roar;
And never shall these shrieks be still,
Within the massy-moor.

MAN WITHOUT THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

Suppose a man be deprived of the divine truths of revelation, and abandoned to his reflection: he is surrounded by 'darkness visible.' He does not know what constitutes his dignity and pre-eminence; from whence he came, nor whither he shall go. He is unacquainted with the causes of the evils which afflict him, and the principle of those astonishing contrarieties, which he experiences in himself—of that internal war of feelings against reason—of those emotions which elevate him to heaven, and of those impulses and attractions which bring him back to earth. The objects, which surround him, seduce him—self-love blinds him—pleasure corrupts him—strength renders him presumptuous—prosperity intoxicates—adversity discourages him. Does he rely on his

own affections, and turn them within himself? he finds nothing but sources of weakness and trouble. In vain does he attempt to procure a situation fixed and tranquil. His projects, his desires, his opinions, like the billows of the perturbed ocean, constantly agitates & toss him. Does he attempt to seek from his fellow travellers a repose, which he has not found in his own bosom—does he give to his imagination wings, and fly to the uttermost corners of the earth, like Noah's dove, that was sent from the ark? He will be compelled to return without the peaceful olive.

[Monthly Anthology.]

ON ADMIRAL LORD NELSON, sending, in the hour of Victory, a flag of truce, to stop the further effusion of blood, in the memorable naval engagement off Copenhagen—By MACNEIL.

Again the tide of rapture swells,
Britannia sees new trophies rise;
Again the trump of vict'ry tells
That with the brave compassion lies.

In vain the carnage of the field!
In vain the carnage of the main!
The brave may bleed, the brave may yield,
'Tis Mercy binds the brave again!

True to the dictates of the heart,
That melts to PITY's godlike glow,
Humanity arrests the dart,
Half-wing'd, to lay the vanquish'd low.

Swift thro' the battle's thundering storm,
See, deck'd in smiles, she takes her stand;
Assumes her NELSON's favourite form,
She lifts her ægis o'er the land!

Struck with the radiance of her shield,
Returning Friendship warms the Dane!
The brave may fight...the brave may yield!
Mercy unites the brave again!

Report says that Watts Pangloss has, within a few days past, taken a most violent antipathy to double-cutters.

We understand that Mr Dennie has promised to take up the gauntlet in defence of his friend Jack, and that he will severely chastise poor Slender for declaring—aye, and PROVING it, one Gentleman a LIAR, and t' other one an ignoramus and a low blackguard.—
Sie werden mir doch meine toll-kühnheit nicht übel nehmen....Ich schreibe die wahrheit.

For the Repository.

On the unhappiness consequent on the neglect of early improving the mind.

THERE is not a greater inlet to misery and vice than the not knowing how to pass our vacant hours. For what remains to be done, when the first part of their lives, who are not brought up to any manual employment has slipped away, without any acquired relish for reading, or taste for rational satisfaction? That they should pursue their pleasures?—But, religion apart, common prudence will warn them to tie up the wheel as they begin to go down the hill of life. Shall they then apply themselves to their studies? Alas! the seed time is already past; the enterprising and spirited ardour of youth being over, without having been applied to those valuable purposes for which it was given, all ambition of excelling upon generous and laudable schemes, quite stagnates. If they had not some poor expedient to deceive the time, or, to speak more properly, to deceive themselves, the length of a day will seem tedious to them, who perhaps have the unreasonableness to complain of the shortness of life in general.

When the former part of our life has been nothing but vanity, the latter end of it can be nothing but vexation. In short, we must be miserable without some employment to fix, or some amusement to dissipate, our thoughts: the latter we cannot command in all places, nor relish at all times; and therefore there is an absolute necessity for the former. We may pursue this or that new pleasure; we may be fond for a while of a new acquisition, but when the graces of novelty are worn off, and the briskness of our first

desire is over, the transition is very quick and sudden from an eager fondness to a cool indifference. Hence, there is a restless agitation in our minds, still craving something new—still unsatisfied with it when possessed; till melancholy increases as we advance in years, like shadows lengthening towards the close of day.

Hence it is, that men of this stamp are continually complaining that the times are altered for the worse; because the sprightliness of their youth represented every thing in the most engaging light; and when men are in high good humour with themselves, they are apt to be so with all around; the face of nature brightens up, and the sun shines with a more agreeable lustre. But when old age has cut them off from the enjoyment of false pleasures, and habitual vice has given them a distaste for the only true and lasting delights; when a retrospect of their past lives presents nothing to view but one wide tract of uncultivated ground; a soul, distempered with spleen, remorse, and an insensibility of each rational satisfaction, darkens and discolours every object; & the change is not in the times, but in them, who have been forsaken by those gratifications which they would not forsake. How much otherwise is it with those who have laid up an inexhaustible fund of knowledge! When a man has been laying out that time in the pursuit of some great and important truth, which others waste in a circle of gay follies, he is conscious of having acted up to the dignity of his nature; and from that consciousness there results that serene complacency, which, tho' not so violent, is much preferable to the pleasures of the animal life. He can travel on from strength to strength; for in literature as in war, each new

conquest which he gains, empowers him to push his conquests still further, and to enlarge the empire of reason. Thus he is ever in a progressive state, still making new acquisitions, still animated with hopes of future discoveries.

E

For the Repository.

FENNEL AND COOPER.

IT does not always happen that the rank a genius holds in publick estimation, arises entirely from his merit. There are many collateral circumstances upon which opinions, or rather prejudices, are founded. If two competitors have strove for pre-eminence, and, while in competition, sustained a balance, the weight being taken from either side, the scale will be turned in favour of its opposite; and the inclination being once fixed, in publick opinion, the equilibrium is not easily restored. The mind, like a bow on the stretch, retains its bent.

These observations strictly apply to those great dramatick characters, Fennel and Cooper, who long kept critical judgment in equilibrio. The former withdrew his weight, and the balance, of course, inclined to his rival.

In comparing the performances of these persons, we must not be biassed by any applause received in the Theatre. *Particular* exertions of Mr C. in some characters, are well calculated to draw forth bursts of applause—but there are many excellencies in an actor, which could not be approved in this way unless by a continual interruption of the play: such are, the general carriage of a player, his countenance in portraying the less violent passions, accent, emphasis, attention to the *by-play*, and some others.—When, however, we go to estimate the real merit of a performer, all these

must be taken in the account. It is very incorrect to judge partially, that is, by viewing the representation of particular parts of a character. Blustering or stormy scenes may suit especially the genius of one actor, while milder scenes, and dignified speeches, not less difficult than the former, are more adapted to the judgment of another.

People are mostly in favour of a performance that borders on *ranting*, and the performer, in such case, is most likely to make an impression on them, which being retained, they can readily recal the idea and fancy, because the acting is not natural, but uncommon, that it is very excellent. Here Mr Cooper has the advantage, for, as it is acknowledged by his greatest admirers, he too frequently 'o'ersteps the modesty of nature.' To this may be attributed the preference given him by the injudicious part of an audience. Mr Cooper labours considerably in his performances: his voice is good; but often he exerts it so much as to occasion an hoarseness. If he is in a scene, where there is no occasion to display great dramatick powers, he is uninteresting.

Not so with FENNEL. He is never inattentive, or unconcerned. His gestures are so easy and natural, that, I may affirm, they are seldom equalled in gracefulness, and never excelled. Very few Tragedians are so much at home on the stage: you can generally perceive they came from *behind the scenery*—Fennell induces us to believe that he has been, throughout the play, in the different parts and circumstances the poet would have us to imagine. His Hamlet, Othello and Zanga, were masterly representations. To a person who has seen him in these characters, it is needless to say any thing of his merit: they have left impressions on

my mind never to be erased. In short, there is a remark I have heard made, which shews the relative desert of these gentlemen better than a volume—"Cooper is the *representative*, but Fennell is the original character."

DRAMATICUS.

For the Repository.

Mr Slender,

IN order to convict *Polyglot Jack* of indelicacy, one of your correspondents has produced several smutty lines from Horace, said to have been quoted in the Censor. Now, for the sake of redressing the wrongs of innocence and *simplicity*, you ought to acquit him publicly of all offence on this score; for I can prove to demonstration, that not only is he guiltless of quoting indelicate lines from Horace, but that he never read that author, and does not understand Latin even of the most easy construction. Though I might produce numberless instances, I will go no farther than the motto to his new paper '*Pereunt et imputantur*.' Jack wants to make us believe that *imputantur* implies *unthought of*: when in fact it has no other meaning than *to impute, attribute, ascribe*. To prove this, take a sentence from Quintilian, '*Error ille imputandus est inscitiae vatis*;' the English of which is—*this error is to be attributed to the ignorance of W*its*.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

HOW dare you, Mr Slender, question the pretensions of my friend, Jack, to all the *living*, as well as all the *dead* languages?—Do you dare to whisper a doubt?—Blood and fury!—Did he not in France kill three giants? Does he not understand the broad, small, and big sword—can 'shoot a sparrow flying'—beware! he has fought many a tight battle, before breakfast,

when in Italy—Nothing more common, I assure you, than to kill his man, by way of exercise, in the morning. Therefore take care, I warn you, or death and blunderbusses! you must meet him—before a *magistrate*.

O.

For the Repository.

THE DRAMA.

February 17th.

THOUGH it was supposed that the unfavourable weather would have tended to produce a thin audience, the Theatre, this evening, was *full*, but not quite *overflowing*. The Castle Spectre has continued to receive a deserved approbation; particularly, when the part of Osmond has been undertaken by a performer whose brilliancy might command more than ordinary notice. For though much of the incident may be censured, as approaching to romantick absurdity, the general features are of a kind that appear to be rather remote from dissatisfactory. We can, without extreme injury to the understanding, permit the imagination to be animated and gratified with an imposed review of the ideal occurrences of eyes which have long mouldered in the dust.—That the imagination is the property which has honoured the wild notions that pervade the Castle Spectre with particular success, is most evident and indisputable.

We have ever forborne to exhibit a comparison between Mr Cooper and Mr Fennell. A delicate fear of offending the admirers of the former gentleman, has induced us to repress a copious detail of the superior excellencies of the latter. We unhesitatingly admit the excellencies of Mr C. in many characters, which require the

powerful assistance of a *youthful* appearance and a delighting tongue of ornamental beauty. At the same time it must be declared, even should it offend the high opinion of a snarling *Censor*, that the perspicacity of Mr Fennell, in nicely conceiving the character which the author intends, rises higher than that of the negligent, inattentive one of Mr Cooper. That the accent of Mr F. is more strictly proper, will be allowed, if any one will but take the trouble to investigate it; that he has almost corrected the *nasal twang*, which a too-wise man has attributed to him, the candour of an unobstructed ear will also freely acknowledge; that his person is more noble in general, and in a noble character more commanding, it will also be said, and render to Mr F. that uncommon applause which his transcendent talents make receivable.

Now, as a performer, who conceives a part better than another, must consequently execute it to more perfection, the only deduction to be drawn is, that Mr F. gave more satisfaction in Osmond than the audience were accustomed to receive from its other representative. Love, jealousy, and revenge, obtained from his hands an exquisite display of their impassioned qualities. The stupefactive astonishment of Angela, when she hears him utter these bare words, '*I love you!*' was truly correct, and merited, in a high degree, that silent, admiring applause which it received. Mr Fennell and Mrs Wignell stand too exalted in public opinion to require that we should any further praise them here—praises only can we give Angela and Osmond as they were personated this evening.

Mr Cain, as we have before said, may ever perform to our satisfaction if

he will but exert himself. Percy would have appeared to better advantage had he had a larger quantum of *exertion*. We dispraise any apparent weariness, particularly when it is directed by an illaudable caprice.

If a performer be so stubborn as to reject the gentleness of calm reproof, he must be censured with sarcasm. Mr Rutherford, in Hassan, may have been noble, nay exquisitely grand, *in his own eyes*, but not in those of his compassionate auditors—I would as lief a *fish hag* had mumbled any lines of mine. He seemed as if he wanted to mount the high, blustering wind—if so, he should have received applause from the neighbouring zephyrs, whose lenity might have borne the very *olympus* of his superior *ranting*—Francis would have played this part with much more capacity.

The good Alice and sly father Philip were exceedingly well performed. Mrs Francis, in the one, and our comick favourite, Warren, in the other.

We have not obtained a reason for recanting our former assertion respecting Mr M'Kenzie. Though Reginald was not so well in Mr M's hands as it was formerly in those of a gentleman now deceased, he was not uncommonly deficient, especially in gesture.

We wish the *little* prompter would be more scrupulously attentive; as two or three horrid blunders happened during the course of the play, through mismanagement behind the scenes.

The Entertainment—(or, as Mr. Taylor pronounces it '*entertainment*,') recommends itself to approbation by the goodness of two or three appropriate songs which it contains. Mr Robbins & Mr Woodham were rather dull—Mr Cross tolerably good—But

Mr HARWOOD was—was—As public opinion, which is so profuse in commending him whenever he appears, which is not half often enough. For our own part, we prefer the *capacity* of Mrs Seymour to the judgment and great *beauty* of Mrs Woodham. Mrs Seymour's Mary was represented according to a genuine idea of the character. S.

February 24th, 1805.

This evening the new comedy of the '*HONEY MOON*,' said to be written by the late John Tobin, Esqr. was brought forward at our Theatre, for the benefit of Mrs Wignell. Much has been said concerning the merits and blemishes of this production. The objections which are advanced against its being a good one, are triflingly minute, when compared to the surpassing ingenuity and humour which pervade and are exhibited in every part of it. It cannot, indeed, be bespangled with so glittering an appellation as that of an entirely *original* piece. But the excellence of the parts which have not been borrowed, amply compensate for the want of originality; in fact, the elegant and judicious combination of the characters, setting aside other considerations, claims too much approbation to have it declared that the author is either a foul plagiarist, or a bad poet. Written in the style of former dramatic writers, it possesses merit without that redundancy of classical phrases with which our modern geniuses interlard the golden offsprings of their exalted erudition. We have a plenitude of well selected metaphors without the miserable defects generally attendant on them; and the most cultivated and transcendent effusions of a genuine wit, without the least deviation from critical propriety and niceness.

The principal female character was undertaken by Mrs Wignell, and executed to the highest pitch of admiration. We have never been so exquisitely pleased with this lady, in comick characters, as we were this evening in seeing her perform Juliana. To find fault is impossible, and to introduce praises on the performance of the first actress on the continent unnecessary.

When we first perused the play last Summer, we anticipated that the *Duke* would receive more than ordinary justice from the talents of Mr Wood; and we have not, since observing him represent it, contracted the smallest reason for diminishing such confidence.

Mr. Rutherford's Count, was rather insipidly performed. The parts would have been more ably done by Mr. McKenzie or Mr. Cain—in Mr. R.'s execution of it, we could not perceive that volatile, vivacious spirit, which, every person who has read the play, would conceive that the count was made to possess. The comick ingenuity of Mr. Jefferson, in Rolando, was not far from a full flow. Mr. Warren too well understands the nature and design of acting, to suffer himself to stumble on the jarring block of misconception, which our lower performers have industriously endeavoured to wear to a mere stick.

Mrs. Wood ever merits the most sanguine commendation, for the undaunted spirit, which inspires her in personating any character. The dress which she wore in the Page, was peculiarly neat and uncensurable; it did not prove offensive to the eye of modesty.

In remarking the good cast of the characters, in the after-piece of the *Lock and Key*, we wish to remark,

how much more suitable the abilities of Mr. Rutherford are, to such parts, as the ones which he undertook in it, than to those high ones which he wrongly imagines require the force of disgusting rant. Q.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS.

Drury-Lane, Dec. 7.

A new grand Legendary, Melo-Drama, entitled, *The Sleeping Beauty*, was produced at this theatre last night. It is the production of Mr. Skeffington, and much as may have been hoped from the taste and genius of that gentleman, the reality has far exceeded the most sanguine expectation.—The scene is laid in England, in the remote age of chivalry, the happiest, perhaps, that an author could choose, who wished to combine all the beauties of spectacle, with the fascinations of Romance. The piece commences with a most beautiful view of the country, and a party of huntsmen enter.—Two knights errant, Aldibert and Oswin, upon hearing from Old Ellen, who is 117 years old, that Ethelinda and all her attendants, have been asleep 100 years in the enchanted wood, determine, accompanied by their squire, Launcelot, to rescue them, by breaking the charm; in which Aldibert is assisted by Melzarina, the good fairy, who descends with the clouds on the stage. This is effected in a manner the most novel and beautiful that can be conceived. The adventurous knights proceed through the palace, and arrive at the grand saloon, where they find all the enchanted company fast asleep, in full youth and beauty, in the exact state in which they were 100 years before. In the bosom of Edward, the favourite page, they find some verses, which are sung by the sleeping page. The folding doors that concealed the *Sleeping Beauty* are forced, and dis-

close the most magnificent scene ever produced upon a Theatre. The charm is now broken, and the various characters awake, just as they were when they fell asleep a century before. Several beautiful dances succeed. The Knights then swear to protect their fair mistresses from the usurper, whose power they dread. Edward, the page, seeks his beloved Ellen, and finds her a poor decrepid old woman. Perceiving his disappointment, she releases him from his promise; but he nobly declares his affection unaltered: and his constancy is rewarded by her transformation into a beautiful young lady. The moral is pretty, and worthy the refined taste of the author. The usurper Ethelred, and his guards, obtain entrance into the castle by a subterraneous passage, when Aldibert challenges him to single combat. Ethelred is killed. The hands of the knights and the enchanted damsels are joined by the Good Fairy, and the whole concludes with a most magnificent scene of transparent pillars, and other ornaments. The overture is beautiful, and was loudly applauded. The songs possess sweetness, taste, and science. The accompaniments to the Melo-Drama are grand and appropriate.—The sketch of the fable announces this a piece out of the ordinary line. There is nothing common nor hacknied about it. The foundation may rest, indeed, upon an old story; but the superstructure and the order are all new, striking, and eccentric. They furnish proofs of original genius, finished taste and fruitful fancy. Such is the piece with which Mr Skeffington has enriched the stage. It is, perhaps, the most elegant scenick exhibition ever presented to a British audience. Upon many previous occasions the liberality of the Managers has been carried to excess. It has seldom failed to pro-

duce grandeur and brilliancy. The scenery and machinery, in the present instance, have proved still more successful. The most polished taste shines through every scene, and splendor every where presents itself, adorned with that exquisite delicacy, which the eye seeks in the works of the most finished artists.

Opera-House.

A new melo-dramatick ballet, entitled, *Naval Victory and Triumph of Lord Nelson*, composed by Sig. Rossi, was produced, for the first time, on Saturday night. The first scene is a distant view of Cape Trafalgar, and the Victory, with Lord Nelson on the quarter-deck, attempting to break the enemy's line. The next scene presents a view between decks of the Victory, and the death of Lord Nelson, in his cabin. The subsequent scenes are in London, and consist of a view of the admiralty, the entrance of Britannia in her chariot drawn by lions, and followed by Mars and Minerva. The temple of immortality, which descends in clouds, and exhibits a likeness of Lord Nelson, concludes the piece. Horace wisely observes,

" ————Non tamen intus
Digna geri promes in scenam, multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quae mox narret facundia praesens."

A deviation from this rule proved fatal to the piece. The feelings of the audience were hurt at the exhibition of the dying agonies of their beloved hero in his last solemn moments; hisses issued from every part of the house, which Mr. Braham's eloquence, who several times addressed the audience, in vain attempted to restrain,

When the curtain dropped, Mr Braham came forward, and stated, that the piece was withdrawn.



POETRY.

[The lovers of poetry, says the Editor of the Providence Gazette, will be pleased to learn that the following beautiful lines are from the pen of a youth only 15 years of age.]

Who oft with me at marbles play'd,
And all my little playthings made,
My kite or ball—though still unpaid?
My Brother.

Who made a sled when winter came,
With little ropes to draw the same,
And on its sides carved out my name?
My Brother.

Who after him my sled would tow
Swift over the ice, where'er I go,
And mark'd the gliding waves below?
My Brother.

Who smil'd to chace my childish fear,
And wip'd away the falling tear,
When the cold ice crack'd loud and near?
My Brother.

Solicitous, who taught to me
The seeds of science, A, B, C,
On paper mark'd them out for me?
My Brother.

Who to the school my books would bear,
And lead me over the bridge with care,
And lesson find for me when there?
My Brother.

Who help'd me make my water-mill,
And built the dam across the rill,
And view'd it turn from yonder hill?
My Brother.

Who gathered apples from the tree.
Chesnuts and walnuts too—for me,
Who cheerful did all this? 'twas thee
My Brother.

Those joyful days have had an end:
But oh! to me thy kindness lend,
And still remain my tenderest friend,
My Brother.

And ever may I grateful be
For all thy kindness shewn to me,
And never withdraw my love from thee,
My Brother.

Thus through this vale of life below,
May we the sweets of friendship know,
And share each other's joy or woe,
My Brother.

When earth decays, and nature dies,
Oh! may we, meeting in the skies,
United be by stronger ties,

My Brother.

A Spinster's Origin.

To spin with art, in ancient times has been
Thought not beneath the noblest dame &c
Queen.
From that employ then, maidens had the name
Of Spinsters, which moderns seldom claim.
But since to Cards each damsel turns her mind,
And to that dear delight is more inclin'd,
Change the fair name of Spinster to a harder
And let each maiden now be call'd a Carder.

OBITUARY.

Departed this transitory life, on the 26th ult. after a painful illness, which she bore with christian fortitude, Mrs Laetitia Smith, amiable consort of Dr William Smith, of this city. 'She was a perfect and upright woman, one that feared God and eschewed evil.'

To Readers and Correspondents.

'Holsteinberg,' who, by the way, is rather too saving of his paper, will oblige us if he will communicate some further particulars relative to ——— What's his name.

Sam Sheepface's epistle to the Editor of the Theatrical Censor, will perhaps grace our next number.

The Letter to Messrs. Sheepshanks, Shuffelbottom, & Co. is too personal, Mr Slender would be happy to be better acquainted with 'E.'

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